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The above is the 8th installment of "Runaway June." The pictures will be shown at the Lyric Theatre next Friday afternoon and night.

EIGHTH EPISODE. Her Husband's Enemies.

THE beautiful runaway bride opened her eyes in dazed bewilderment to find herself gazing up into the dark, hairy face of the black Vandylke man. She was in his arms. She felt another clasp about her—the man with the white mustache. Gilbert Biye gently caressed his hold of her, and the white mustached man turned to carry her up the hill. Her eyes closed again.

Gilbert Biye, friend of his beautiful master, hurried up the embankment to where his luxurious limousine stood by his side of the broken rail. As he jumped into the driver's seat and put his foot on the clutch and his hand on the brake he glanced down at the scene of the accident. The taxi seemed against a stone wall which had stopped it from a fatal tumble. Biye's chauffeur, the wide smiling Scotti, was bringing up the unconscious driver of the taxi. The vivacious Honoria and the heavy man with the thick lidded eyes were helping Mrs. Villard. That gentle-faced woman had fainted upon walking, but she came with a painful limp, and her face was drawn and white. Biye started the car forward with a jerk, turned it dizzily in the narrow road, and, jumping down, arranged the cushions with a swift certain hand.

When June again opened her eyes Biye was brushing back her soft brown hair from her pale forehead, but he was not holding her. She was in the luxurious limousine, with her head pillow'd on the shoulder of the white mustashed man, Orin Cunningham, and his arm was about her. She straightened as she became aware of that close and Biye, his black eyes glowing down upon her, smiled reassuringly. The car started, and she turned to look at Mrs. Villard, who



She Was In His Arms.

sat beside her with compressed lips. The injured taxi driver was up in front, supported by the heavy lidded man. The runaway bride closed her eyes again and sank back into the support which she so much desired.

Biye how much he had been to her life since she had run away from Ned! And little did June know that Ned, through his detective, had obtained the number of the auto in which she had driven that day. The number was M99707.

Soon June lay in her little room in the hospital, her hair waving about her on the white pillow, and her friends were permitted to bid her good night. The vivacious Tommy Thomas sat at the head of her bed and stroked June's white hand; Orin Cunningham, a particularly drowsy figure as he leaned against the window easing, smoothing his white mustache, twinkled over at her; T. J. Edwards, the heavy man with the thick eyelids and the round head with its absurdly short cropped gray hair, was gentle in his rough way. Gilbert Biye, over by the door, had not much to say, but he never removed his luminous gaze from the runaway bride, and when the pink cheeked nurse came to drive them out Biye was the last to make his adieu, and, bending over gracefully, he kissed her hand!

Honoria Biye received a telephone message from Bill Wolf a few hours after the time of the auto accident.

"Your husband has gone to his club," he said quickly.

The wife drove hastily to the club entrance. She met Wolf, who pointed to the chauffeur Scotti, saying:

"That's your husband's driver."

Honoria saw Scotti standing beside her husband's limousine.

"Take like to make you a little present," said Honoria in sugared accents, and, fumbling in her pocketbook, she produced a bill.

Scotti turned to her with alacrity, and every line in his broad, low face widened.

The line of his lips also thickened as he separated them in a grin of pleasure. He took the bill with joy, looked at its denomination in the light of one of his side lamps, dropped open his heavy driver's coat, shoved the bill deep in his trousers pocket and buttoned his coat tightly from top to bottom.

"Now, you'll tell me where Mr. Biye was this evening, won't you?" she wheeled.

The smile failed from Scotti's lips.

"Aren't you going to tell me?" And the voice rose another notch.

No answer.

"Give me back that money!" she screamed.

There were thirty-seven lights to be counted before the perspective merged in a blur. Scotti calmly inspected them all in deep absorption, but during the entire time that one narrow slit of an eye had a dancing gleam in it.

Honoria scowled back at the imposing entrance to the club. The doors stood wide open. Inside the tesselated vestibule were stiffly uniformed attendants. Beyond was a marble colonnaded hall, and at the end of that

through an arched opening, was a panel screen.

Suddenly Honoria dashed up the steps which no woman had ever trod and before any one could stop her had rounded the panelled screen and stood in the grill room, amid a wilderness of oak tables, at nearly all of which sat men busy smoking cutting wreaths of incense toward the high gilded ceiling.

There were glasses before most of the men, and a dense and palpable silence pervaded the place, although as Honoria had rushed through the hall she had heard the loud boisterous of animated conversation. The men to that extent were turned to spectacles clay at the sight of this running apparition.

"There you are!" she screamed, and as her gaze settled from its swift roving into a fixed direction one man came to life and rose—the black Vandylke man. "There you are!" she screamed again and started to twist her way among the tables toward her long lost mate. "You will stay away from home, sir! You will run around with other women! You will!"

A door in the corner opened and closed, and Gilbert Biye was on the other side of it! A fat man laughed. Honoria Biye turned on them all and began to tell them just what she thought of their club. A half dozen attendants regained consciousness and crowded round her. One of them, indulging in soothing talk, accidentally laid his hand on her sleeve, and she snatched four red roses from his face. For the first time in its dignified history that club resounded with the shrill echoes of a confirmed scold. The chuckling fat man achieved an inspiration. He came up and said confidentially:

"Your husband is slipping out of the house."

When Honoria reached the imposing entrance she was just in time to see Scotti slamming the door of the luxurious limousine, and as that brilliant lighted car sped down the street with Gilbert Biye rattling comfortably amid the soft cushions a peal of laughter blared the block.

Honoria sprang into her electric coupe and, turning on all the "juice," headed down the street in mad pursuit. But at last she gave up the chase and went home.

The parrot was asleep, with its head tucked under its wing and the baleful eye closed. Honoria turned on the light and finished, to the parrot, the violent speech she had begun to her husband's club. The baleful eye opened, and the bird moved steadily from foot to foot. Occasionally its neck feathers ruffled and its wing tips jerked, but it gave no other sign of wakefulness. In time, however, Honoria paused for breath, and the parrot slowly brought its shining round head into view. The head feathers were tousled and the eyes were sleepy as the familiar spirit of Honoria accosted its wings.

"Oh, shut up!" it忽然 cried. A nurse with pink cheeks awakened June in the morning, and as the patient opened her eyes the two pretty girls smiled their appreciation of each other.

"How are you this morning?" asked the nurse, preparing to put a thermometer between June's red lips.

"Perfectly well, thank you," laughed June, tossing her waving brown hair back from her shoulders as she raised up. "How is Mrs. Villard?"

"A slight sprain," explained the nurse brightly. "She will be able to go home in time for dinner this evening. My, but you folks had a lucky accident! You must lie down until the doctor comes."

"I'm going to get up," announced June.

"Against orders. My dear, you must stay in bed until Dr. Remert gets you up."

"Is he the one with the funny red sideburns?" and June looked down

at the head nurse and looked at her tongue and prodded her a few times and examined her bones, talking to her all the while as if she were a little girl about ten years old.

"Now, I am going to get up," proclaimed June, as soon as the doctor had gone away, and she swung her pink feet out of bed again. "Where are my clothes?"

"I'll get them for you." And the pretty nurse turned cheerfully to go.

"Oh, no; wait a minute!" June's big eyes were sparkling. "Please let me try on one of your uniforms."

The pretty nurse dimpled as she admitted her patient. June would lock "fetching" in nurse's clothing. There could be no question of that, but she shook her head.

"I'm afraid it wouldn't be permitted."

"Just to try it on," begged June.

"Let's ask the head nurse."

"It seemed a tremendously daring thing to do."

"I wouldn't risk it." And the pretty nurse puckered her brows. Suddenly

she turned to her uniform and said, "I suppose I wanted you to, and now I suppose I can start."

"Oh, well, wait Joe!" she said to a heavy

man, and she stared at June. "Lighter?"

"Always tell you you'd get it?" She bent over and kissed her husband as a matter of propriety. "Hear you now?"

"Something fierce?" husky murmured Joe and half closed his eyes.

"Tough look!" said the woman.

"You wouldn't take out that accident insurance I wanted you to, and now I suppose I can start."

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